

Point Not Well Taken.
She-John, you are a perfect bear about the house.
He-Maria, that assertion won't stand the test of science a single moment. A bear sleeps all winter. He doesn't have to get out of bed before daylight every morning to stir up the fire and call the hired girl. Try some other metaphor, Maria.—Chicago Tribune.

Supremely Exasperating.
"Do you think Mrs. Spurrell has a fever?"
"She has, but can you blame the poor woman? She has a husband who just suddenly won't get mad at all."—Typhoid Journal.

Dear Indeed.
"The dear, dear girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Pawkins, looking at her fashionable daughters enthusiastically.
"Yes, the dear, dear girls," muttered Mr. Pawkins despondently.—Pick Me Up.

Since the beginning of this century the use of the Italian language has greatly increased. In 1801 it was spoken by 15,070,000 people, and in 1890 it was used by 33,400,000.
The badge of office worn by the lord mayor of London contains diamonds to the value of \$600,000, and the temporary owner of it has to give a bond for it before he wears it.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.
"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly. For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.
"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"—Mrs. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kaufman St., Philadelphia, Pa.



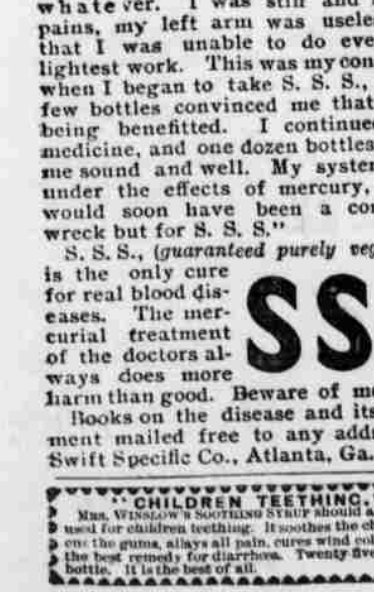
THE "OLIVER" TYPEWRITER.
Visible Writing
AND 20 OTHER VALUABLE FEATURES.
Only 28 Keys, but 84 Characters.
Perfect Alignment. Warranted for five years. Automatic Spacing.
Draws Vertical or Horizontal Lines.
Prints any color without change of ribbons. Send for Catalogue.
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Beware Of Mercury!

Mr. Henry Roth, of 1848 South 9th Street, St. Louis, was given the usual mercurial treatment for contagious blood poisoning. He was twice pronounced cured, but the disease returned each time, he was seized with rheumatic pains, and red lumps and sores covered his body.
"I was in a horrible fix," he says, "and the more treatment I received, the worse I seemed to get. A New York specialist said he could cure me, but his treatment did me no good whatever. I was stiff and full of pains, my left arm was useless so that I was unable to do even the lightest work. This was my condition when I began to take S. S. S., and a few bottles convinced me that I was being benefited. I continued the medicine, and one dozen bottles cured me sound and well. My system was under the effects of mercury, and I would soon have been a complete wreck but for S. S. S."
S. S. S., (guaranteed purely vegetable) is the only cure for real blood diseases. The mercurial treatment of the doctors always does more harm than good. Beware of mercury! Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Had Something on His Mind.
Gibbs—What are you looking about town at this time of night for?
Dobbs—Fraid to go home. Wife told me to be sure and remember something, and I've forgotten what it was.
Gibbs—It wasn't groceries, was it?
Dobbs—No.
Gibbs—Baby food, tacks or theater tickets?
Dobbs—No; but I've thought of it.
Gibbs—What was it?
Dobbs—She wanted me to remember and come home early.—Tit-Bits.

A Heartless Statute.
"How did they stop the elopement?" asked Maud.
"By a detestable piece of trickery," replied Maudie.
"They came very near getting away in safety."
"Yes. But her father put his head out of the window and shouted that her hat was on crooked and when she grabbed for it she upset the tandem."—Washington Star.

What He Told.
Newlywed (proudly)—I always make it a point to tell my wife everything that happens.
Old Sport—Pooh! That's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happen.—Tit-Bits.

Not One of the Family.
Grocer—So you're the new cook at Picklingham's. I suppose they treat you like one of the family?
Judith—Sure, and they don't. They're always polite to me.



An Imposing Gift.
Mrs. Hornbeak—Wonder what we'd better give Cousin Emily for a wedding present? It ought to be something cheap that will make a big show.
Farmer Hornbeak—Guess we'd better give her a load of hay, then.—New York World.

His Ominous Behavior.
Nurse—Please, mum, you must send for the doctor quick for little Johnny. Mistress—Horror! What is the matter?
Nurse—I don't know, mum; but he hasn't been up to any mischief for two hours.—Golden Penny.

At a Safe Distance.
"If that Simpson boy comes foolin' round me again I'll just soak him."
"Pooh, you're no fighter."
"Well, I'll do it with the hose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It Might Be Better.
"What kind of a wife shall a young man marry?" asks a magazine writer. It strikes us that he'd better not marry any kind of a wife. Let him take a widow or a single young woman.—New York Advertiser.

Social Aspirations.
"I noticed a pair of little bootblacks working on the partnership plan this morning," said the Cheerful Idiot, "and it occurred to me that probably they were prompted by social aspirations."
"What is the answer?" said the seasoned boarder.
"They seemed to want to shine in company."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Inventor.
"Has your son any special talent?" asked one man.
"Yes," replied the other; "I think he's an inventor."
"Has he invented many things?"
"Yes; most of them reasons why I should give him money."—Washington Star.

Welcome.
"It was so friendly and reassuring," commented the enthusiast, "to read the signs and see that word 'welcome' every now and then."
"Oh, I don't know," replied the man who wants the earth. "It's nice at first glance, but you invariably find it simply means you are welcome for what you can pay for."—Washington Star.



A Disadvantage.
Manager—We don't want you if you are left-handed.
Batter—Why not?
Manager—Well, we have one left-handed man, and every time he hits the ball he runs to third base instead of first.

How She Got It.
Briggs—Mighty pretty bonnet your wife had on last Sunday. At least, my wife said it was.
Briggs—Yes; and it all came from my absent-mindedness that she got it.
Briggs—How's that?
Briggs—When I went home the other evening, thinking very intently about business, as I often do, I found my wife in the kitchen. Now, what should I do but hand the bird I had brought home to my wife and kiss the cook? Of course, she knew it was all a mistake, but—oh, well, you know how women are.—New York Tribune.

Had Him There.
"I believe you women spend half your lives before the glass."
"And the men half theirs behind it."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Painful Kind.
The admiral is paying a semi-annual visit to one of the battleships and has signaled to the flagship for his flag lieutenant to come to him.
The flag lieutenant, dubious as to the correct dress, goes in quest of the cabin door sentry (a marine).
"Sentry, did the admiral go away in his cocked hat?"
Sentry—No, sir; in his steam launch.
Collapse of "Flag Jack."—London Answers.



A Sympathetic Success.
Wayside Watts—Hello, Brannagan; fer goodness sake, wots th' new lay yer workin'?
Bright Brannagan—An idea I got when I found this old, broken bike, pard. I stop every biker I meets an' tell him 'bout being 'robbed an' me wheel wrecked, an' inersently makes a little touch fer dough eno'gh ter tellygraff home fer aid. See?

Craps.
Niece Gentleman—How old are you, little boy?
And how old is your brother?
Swipsy—We're craps.
N. G.—Craps?
Swipsy—Yes, Jim's seven and L'm seven.—Kansas City Star.

The Advantage.
"The rooms are rather small," said the prospective summer boarder.
"The advantage of that," said the hotel-keeper, complacently, "is that not much fresh air is required to keep them cool."—Philadelphia North American.

Too Good to Live.
Murray Hill—My wife is the best-hearted woman in the world. I don't believe there is another one like her.
Pete Amsterdam—Is that so?
Murray Hill—When she slanders any of her friends she doesn't believe it herself.—New York World.

Modern Ideas.
"I'm afraid you'll never know how to write, Tommie," said his teacher, sadly.
"Don't care," said Tommie. "Uncle Jim is going to send me a typewriter for my birthday."—Harper's Round Table.

A Slow Boy.
"I hear, Grumpy, that your hired man is down with slow fever."
"Of course he is. He's too infernal slow to catch any other kind."—Detroit Free Press.



Helping a Fellow Out.
Scribbler—Does your wife laugh at your jokes in the paper?
Punster—Yes, but only on pay-day.—New York Tribune.

An Easy Promise.
"Didn't I see you pitching pennies with that little Sprinkle boy?"
"Yes."
"Well, don't you do it again. Do you hear me?"
"Yes'm. I won't do it no more. He hasn't got a cent left."—Northwest Magazine.

The Ruling Passion.
"I bet that girl's always borrowing trouble. She has such a sad face."
"Yes, she's probably looking for a sorrow to match."—Detroit Journal.

The Usual Question.
Lecturer—The entire history of the world has been in cycles.
Sprocket—What make?—Philadelphia North American.

A Guest's Opinion.
"What have you against this hotel?" demanded the landlord.
"Almost everything is 'extra' except the meals. They're the worst I ever contended with."—Detroit Free Press.

A Delicate Compliment.
"That delightful Capt. Casterbridge paid you a great compliment at dinner last evening."
"What was that?"
"He took me for my sister."—Punch.

Elaborate Japanese Coffins.
Many Japanese coffins—especially those of the richer Buddhists—are extremely elaborate, brilliant and beautiful. The Shinto religion enjoins simplicity and reserve, dignity, and some what neutral colors and materials. The Buddhist is a showy religion—a religion of bright color and gleaming surface. Many of these coffins are absolutely square boxes. The dead is placed inside in a sitting posture, and the box is then completely packed with carmine. That preserves the body indefinitely, they say, and it is much easier to enter and remain in paradise if the body does not decay. The custom of placing the dead in a sitting posture in their coffins was once general. It is still a rather general custom, but grows less and less.—New York Times.

A Sympathetic Judge.
"I make whiskey," said the moonshiner, "to make shoes for my little children."
The judge seemed touched, for he had children of his own. "I sympathize with you," he said, "and I am going to send you to the Ohio penitentiary, where you can follow the shoe business for two years!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Library Corner

A. E. Keet, editor of the Forum during the last two years, has resigned his position.

"The Pursuit of the House Boat," by John Kendrick Bangs, will be issued in book form.

M. Berthelot, the eminent French chemist, intends to publish the many letters from Ernest Renan which he has in his possession.

It is said that Stevenson's story, "St. Ives," is to be completed, and that the name of the author chosen for this responsible task will shortly be announced.

Justin McCarthy was just able to finish the additional volume of his history before his illness became severe. He had worked so steadily over the book as to have been under a considerable strain.

"Darius," the new novel by Mr. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," is to be published in the autumn. It has been running serially in England, and is considered one of the author's best novels.

The literary monument of the late Archbishop of Canterbury is his important work, "Cyprian, His Life, His Time, His Work," which is to be published immediately, with an introduction by Bishop Potter.

About the time of the Crimean war Carl Marx wrote a series of newspaper letters on the Eastern question. His daughter, Mrs. Marx Aveling, has been collecting them—not an easy task—and they are to be published as a book.

Pierre Loti is at work on a drama for which he has obtained the material from papers in the possession of his family. The piece is an historical play dealing with the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It is intended for the Comedie Francaise.

Ople Read's "The Jacklins" is receiving rather more favorable reviews in England than it did at home. The London Telegraph ascribes the growing English interest in American rustic life to the pioneering work of Harold Frederic.

One of the longest novels of the year will be Hall Caine's "The Christian." The passages omitted from the serial are to be restored in the book, and the work is expected to cause considerable discussion. It is probable that its publication will be deferred until the autumn.

The committee that has been formed to erect a monument to Paul Verlaine is preparing for publication a small volume containing some unpublished verses of the poet, in addition to contributions by Stephane Mallarme, Henri Baudouin, Edmond Lepelletier, and other writers.

Mr. Crockett's autumn book will be "Lochnivar." That is to be followed by a shorter story called "The Stand and Boarer." He has just returned from Pennsylvania with the materials for "The Red Ax." But these make only a beginning on the five years' contracts that Mr. Crockett still has ahead of him.

Ian McLaren will not publish any work of fiction during this year, but he will issue one, if not two, religious books before Christmas. The scene of his next volume of stories will probably be laid, in part at least, in America. He is making progress with his life of Christ, which will probably be entitled "The Life of the Master."

Too Long in the Business.
One day in a Sixth avenue chop house a well-dressed young man sitting at a table not far from me finished his lunch and asked for his check, but as it was brought to him he suddenly rose up and hurried to the cashier's desk, which was near the door, and said:
"Sir, I have dropped fifty dollars out of my pocket in this place. Let no one go until I make a search."
"Where's your check?" he was asked.
"Here it is. I had two twenties and a ten dollar bill."
"Will you pay this check of one-fifty?" asked the cashier.
"I can't till I find my roll."
"Thomas, call in an officer."
"What for?" asked the victim.
"To arrest you if you don't pay. That's an old game—too ancient to work here."
"But I have dropped fifty dollars!"
"Guff! Will you pay?"
"I'll pay if I can find my money. I know I had it when I came in here."
"Call the copper, Tom!"

Two minutes later an officer bustled in to see what was wanted. The cashier was telling him that he had a dead beat to be cared for, when a woman rose up to leave and the young man's fifty dollars was found on the floor, where it had been covered by her skirts.
"Didn't I tell you so," he exclaimed, as he returned to the cashier to pay the check. "Nice sort of man you are! I'll sue you for damages before I'm through with this!"
The cashier looked tired but made no reply. When the indignant young man had departed, I said:
"Then he wasn't a beat, after all?"
"But he lost his money, and it was found!"
"Don't you believe it! The woman was his pal and gave it up only when she saw that he would be arrested. Your Uncle Hiram has been right here for twenty-five years, and he knows the ropes!"

A Thrifty Georgia Negro.
Barton F. Powell, of Albany, Ga., a negro 32 years old, is one of the most successful farmers in the State. Twelve years ago he had saved up \$2,000, with which he bought 500 acres of land. He went to work on it and cleared \$2,500 the first year. He has continued to add to his landed possessions paying spot cash for every farm purchased, and is now the owner of 2,100 acres of land, from which he markets 400 bales of cotton annually. Besides his success on the farm he has developed the country supply store idea, and thus rakes in thousands of dollars a year. He also owns a comfortable residence in Bainbridge. His profits last year were over \$7,000. He says that the question of social recognition doesn't trouble him so long as he can get financial recognition at the bank.

SQUARED ACCOUNTS.

HOW DE SMITH TURNED DEBTOR TABLES ON HIS FRIEND JONES.

Started In With a Shower Bath, Followed With Several Other Annoying Pleasantries and Wound Up With a Grand Outpour of Life Insurance Agents.

"Well, I guess I've got even with Jones all right enough for all the practical jokes he has been playing on me for the last week," said De Smith gleefully, as he hung up his coat and took his seat at the luncheon table with a party of friends.

"How's that?" asked one of the friends.
"Well, Jones is a great joker, you know," explained De Smith. "He thinks it's a good thing to thump and pound like the deuce on a fellow's door as he goes down the hotel corridor about 2 o'clock in the morning. He never goes to bed when a decent man should, and he rather resents it if any of his friends do. He has been pounding on my door that way now almost every morning for the past week."

"Why didn't you get up and kick him?" asked one of the party.
"I did try to three or four times," replied De Smith, "but he always got down the hall a little way and then laughed at me. But I'm even with him now. I was fixed for him when he came along this morning. I had a big pail of water fixed over the transom, and when old Jones came along and began thumping I pulled the string fastened to it, and I heard old Jonesie curse under his breath and mutter, 'Darn you, De Smith, I'll get even for this.' Then he walked down the hall and I looked out in time to see him shaking the water off his coat and hat."

"That was getting even pretty well, old man. I wish I could have seen him when the flood struck him," put in one of the party.
"Oh, that was all right for a starter," said De Smith, "but it wasn't half the dose I gave him after. You see, Jones has been breaking my sleep for a week, and it took more than a bucket of water to square accounts. I anticipated his visit this morning, so last night before going to bed I left an order to call him at 6 o'clock. Old Jonesie didn't get to bed before 3 o'clock, so he didn't get much sleep before 6. Then a bell boy began to pound on his door and shout that it was time to get up. Jonesie shouted back to the boy to get out, or he'd break his neck, but the boy replied that he had orders to get Jones out of bed and he was going to do it. Finally Jonesie got up in his rage and hustled down to the hotel office to find out 'what in thunder they meant by breaking his sleep that way.' The clerk told him there was an order for a call at 6 o'clock, and that was all he knew about it."

"Well, Jonesie went back to bed, but he didn't get to sleep again. I paid the bell boy enough to prevent that, and at 9 o'clock he came down to breakfast. I was down town by that time, so I rang Jonesie up on the telephone. My office boy got him on the wire and told him to wait just a moment, please. Well, Jonesie waited about five minutes and then gave the bell a vicious ring. The boy answered the ring and asked Jonesie what he wanted. 'I want to know who rang me up,' said Jonesie. 'Nobody,' said the boy, and he said he heard Jonesie swear as he rang off."

"Well, I gave him that telephone racket three times before he caught on. He was pretty hot, I guess, when he reached his office, but I had a reception for him there. I had telephoned to a lot of my life insurance friends that Jonesie wanted to take out a policy before leaving the city in the afternoon and advised them to send a man around to see him. There were two in the office when he reached it, and five more came in during the morning.

"Jones thought he was going to do a lot of work, too, but as a matter of fact he spent the day explaining that he didn't want any life insurance or anything else but a chance to tend to his own business. One of the agents finally let it out that I had recommended Jones as a good risk, and he rang me up at once. 'I've got enough,' he says. 'I'm willing to call it all square if you are. You've got the best of it, I admit; he squaled, so I told him I was willing to call it off if he would remember not to hammer on my door hereafter when he was going by at 2 in the morning. He replied that he wouldn't rap at my door again if the hotel was afire, and so we called it off."

"Jones has beaten me out of a whole lot of sleep of late, but I guess I'm even, fellows. What do you think?" And De Smith leaned back in his chair and looked at himself admiringly in the mirror across the room.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Works on Electricity.
There is a growing demand at the libraries for works on electricity. It is a branch of science so new in the modern sense that its literature as yet may be called meager.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Quick!
The sooner you begin to use Schilling's Best tea, the bigger your chances at that \$1000 offered for the missing word—besides the extra prizes for the most tickets sent in.

Schilling's Best tea is at your grocer's.

Rules of contest published in large advertisement about the first and middle of each month.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED.
The craving for drink is a disease, a marvellous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Tag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like. If not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Remova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

PISO'S CURE FOR BRUISES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Treats Croup. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A GOOD SCHOOL.

Holt's School at Burlingame, Cal., has always stood in the front rank of its class, and this year has done exceptionally good work as judged by the efforts of the boys at commencement.—San Francisco Post.

"Papa, how do the people in the weather bureau get out what kind of weather is going to have?" "I didn't know they did, my son."

A STOUT BACKBONE
Is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back, rheumatism, and disorders of the kidneys, the tonic and dietetic action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the one thing needed. The stomach is the malnourisher of every other organ, and by invigorating the digestion with this, the system is strengthened, and all its dependencies, are sympathetically strengthened. The dyspeptic and bilious will find it a pure vegetable stimulant and tonic.

Judge—Where are you from? Prisoner—Philadelphia, yet honor, Judge—Ten days—in the morgue.

The Olive Typewriter, is a machine of modern science, you read impressions while operating. Never too old to gain knowledge, and secure the best machine. Send for catalogue, read advertisement on this page.

My doctor said I would die but PISO'S Cure for Consumption kind of cured me.—Amos Keiner, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '95.

BWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. I pulled the string fastened to it, and I heard old Jonesie curse under his breath and mutter, 'Darn you, De Smith, I'll get even for this.' Then he walked down the hall and I looked out in time to see him shaking the water off his coat and hat."

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.
We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA" and "FITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Fitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "FITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except the company of which CHAS. H. FLETCHER is President.

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Only One!
Not more than five men or women in a thousand are free from some form of Kidney, Liver or Bladder trouble, which is certain to run into serious disease unless checked.

Stop and Think!
that there is but one known remedy for these troubles! Ask any druggist, physician or friend what it is, and he will tell you.

Warranted
This great remedy stands ABSOLUTELY "at the top," and is so acknowledged by the most advanced thinkers of the world. This suggestion is all you require!

DR. RECORD'S Fitcher's Pills, the great nerve tonic and specific for exhausted vitality; physical debility, wasted forces, etc.; approved by the medical celebrities of the world. Agent J. G. STEEL, 605 Market St., Palace Hotel, S. F. Price, box of 50, \$1.25; of 100, \$2.00; of 200, \$3.00; of 400, \$6.00; preparatory pills, \$2. Send for circular.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay till cured; send for book. DR. MANSFIELD'S PORTLAND CEMENT, 100 Market St., San Francisco.

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Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be recommended to the most skillful physician, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



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